

The true reporte of the forme and

shape of a monstrous childe, borne at Muche Horkesley, a village thre
myles from Colchester, in the Countye of Essex, the .xxi. daye
of Aprill in this yere. 1562.

O, prayse ye God and
blesse his name



His mightye hande hath
wrought the same.

This monstrous world that monsters breedes as
As men tofore it bred by nature kinde (rise
By birthes that shew corrupted natures strife
Declares what sinnes beset the secrete minde.

I meane not this as though deformed shape
were alwayes linkd with fraughted minde with vice
But that in nature god such draughtes doth shape
Resemblyng sinnes that so bin had in price,

So grossest faultes blast out in bodys forme
And monster caused of want or to much store
Of matter, shewes the sea of sinne: whose strome
Oreflowes and whelmes vertues barren shore.

Faulte alike in ebbe and eke in flowd,
Like distaunt both from meane, both like extreames.
Yet greatt excesse the want of meane doth shewode
And want of means excesse from vertues meanes.

So contrariest extreames consent in sinne
Which to bewray to blindest eyes by sight
Beholde a calfe hath clapt about his chinne
His chauderne rest whence nature placed it right.

And ruffd dyues doutfull seers to proue by speache
Them selues not calues, and makes the fashion stale.
In him behold by excesse from meane our breache
And midds excesse yet want of natures shape.

To shew our misse beholde a guiltlesse babe

Rest of his limmes (for such is vertues want)

Whin selfe and parentes both infamous made

With sinful byrth: and yet a worldlyng scant.

Feares mid wyfes route: bewrayeng his parentes fault

In want of honestye and excelle or sinne.

Made lawfull by all lawes of man, yet halt

Of limmes by God, seapd not the shamefull marke

Of bastard sonne in bastard shape descryed.

Better farre better vnguen were his lyfe

Than geuen so. For nature iust enuyed

Her gyft to hym: and cropd wryth mayning knyfe

His limmes, to weake her spyte on parentes sinne,

Which, if she spare bywares so many scapes

As wycked world to breede wil neuer lyme

Theyr liues declare theyr mains samed fro their shapes

Scorchd in theyr mindes (o cruel pryue mayne

That festreth styl, o vntured soze)

Where thothers quiting wryth theyr bodys shame

Theyr parentes guilt, oft linger not theyr lyues

In lothed shapes but naked flye to skyes.

As this may do whose forme tofore thine eyes

Though want thou seest, amonstrous vglye shape

Whom frendly world to sinne doth terme a scape.



On Tuseday being the .xxi. day of Aprill, in this yere of our Lorde God a
thousand fyue hundred the scoze and two, there was borne a man childe
of this mayned forme at Muche Horkesley in Essex, a village about thre
myles from Colchester, betwene a naturall father and a naturall mother
hauing neyther hande, foote, legge, nor arme, but on the left syde it hath a
Stumpe growynge out of the shoulder, and the ende thereof is rounde,
and not so long as it should go to the elbowe, and on the ryghte syde no
mencion of any thing where any arme should be, but a litel stumpe of one ynche in length, al-
so on the left buttocke there is a stumpe comming out of the length of the thygh almost to the
knee, and round at the ende, and groweth something ouerthwart towarde the place where
the ryght legge should be, and where the ryghte legge should be, there is no mencion of anye
legge or stumpe. Also it hath a Codde and stones but no yarde, but a lytell hole for the water
to issue out. Finallye it hath by estimation no tounge, by reason whereof it sucketh not, but is
succoured wryth liquide substance put into the mouth by droppes, and nowe begynneth to
feede wryth pappe beyng very well fauoured, and of good and cheareful face.

The aforesayde Anthony Smyth of Much Horkesley husbandman and his wyfe, were
both maryed to others before, and haue had dyuers chyldren, but this deformed childe is the
first that the sayd Anthony and his wyfe had betwene them two, it is a man childe. This
childe was begot out of matrimony, but borne in matrimonye. And at the makynge hereof
was liuing, and like to continue.

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